

Halifax
Grammar School
Magazine
June - 1961

NOTE

We may rightly call this our first modest attempt at a magazine - for modest indeed it is. Here will you find no gossip, no slander, no exposure of the love-lives of our pupils, and no boosts for dentrifice and detergents.

Lacking in variety the magazine may be, for we, the Editor, are much given to formulating systems as soon as the job is finished. We hope, however, that it has good literary quality, and that - being young, as the contributors also are, - it may grow to better things.

EDITOR

"Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio."

RETURN TO SCHOOL

The day you return to school is probably the saddest day of your year. Your last day of perfect freedom has passed away, and you walk down those dreary blocks of concrete, staring lazily at them and mumbling to yourself, thinking about the torture you will be going through for three-fourths of the year to come. So was it with me. Moreover, I was new, and all the more anxious as to what was to happen that day.

I was two hours late - Thank heaven! - for Math. was almost finished. The building itself was quite old, but new additions had been made. The laboratory was one, a new classroom another. Incidentally there were rats in the old fireplace.

I was very unhappy to see the playground, for this consisted mainly of rocks, with a shack, piles of wood thrown about, rusty nails and ladders, in a very small area. Generally, it was a sight that resembled vandalism. Old desks and chairs were strewn about. The new classroom had no windows except plastic sheets. The heat was probably too unbearable for Form II. The first day was most boring. However, we got out early and made the best of it. The old fireplace was the centre of attraction, for a colony of wasps was gathering, feeding upon the lunch-hour scraps. Meanwhile, the boys were swatting them down, adding deaths to their credit.

It was one of the saddest and most discouraging days of my life, and I was very glad to get home.

Arthur Clifford - Age 11.10

CAMPING

We walked along the old wood road,
My dog, my pal, and I,
And after a mile or two we came
To a tall pine 'neath the sky.

As it was coming time for lunch
We sat beneath the pine,
And thought, as we ate our picnic meal,
To camp there would be fine.

It had the signs of good camp grounds,
It was a sheltered place.
We pitched our tents and gathered stones
To make a fireplace.

That night we slept in Pine Tree Camp.
At dawn we caught some fish.
We cooked them in the fireplace,
They made a tasty dish.

John Page - Age 10.4

FLYING SOUTH

When the north wind starts to blow,
 And when leaves start to fall,
 That's the sign for birdies all
 To start flying south.

Wild ducks, robins, sparrows, and more,
 Are having only one thought,
 Fly south and not be caught
 By freezing winter storms.
 So they're all flying south.

When you hear the wild call
 Of geese flying majestically,
 High above the highest tree,
 That is the last of summer you will see,
 For all are flying south.

Ian Slayter - Age 11

A WAVE

As I sat and watched the tide one day,
 I wondered what the waves did say
 As they seemed to roll, and run, and play.

Are they free, or are they tied
 To Mother Ocean's guarding side,
 Who calls them back to sleep in the deep,
 And covers them with calmness far and wide?

Oh, wave, a-rolling all day long,
 Oh, wave that sings a happy song,
 Are you strong, and are you free,
 Or just another boy like me?

Grant Brennan - Age 12.5

THE BATTLEFIELD

The last of the wounded
 Had breathed his last breath.
 The battlefield was covered
 With signs of death.

The night was coming.
 Many were dead.
 Souls winged to heaven
 From that place of dread.

Bill Black - Age 10.11

THE STORMING OF THE BASTILLE

"Great-uncle," said little Pierre, "it is so long since you have told me a story. Today in school I heard mentioned the name Madame Defarge. Could you tell me perhaps something about her?"

Seated in the kitchen of a French farmhouse, in the lovely countryside outside Versailles, was an old man, smoking his pipe and gazing fondly at his little grandnephew. "Yes, mon petit, I know well the story of Madame Defarge. Come over here by the fire and I shall tell you one of the most blood-thirsty stories in the history of France."

The little boy climbed up on the knee of his great-uncle, and trembling with excitement and anticipation he settled down to listen to one of the old gentleman's wonderful stories.

"Ah yes, it was during the reign of Louis XVI. He was a bad ruler, and how well we knew what it meant to be hungry and cold during those dreary days in my beloved France. Paris was a seething mass of unrest and hatred for the ruling class, who were called Aristocrats.

"One day, while I was returning home from the lycée I was caught up in a mob of fierce, wild people. A powerful woman dragged me along with her, and I was terrified as I heard her screaming.

"We are storming the Bastille - down with the Aristocrats - they will feel the blade of the guillotine!"

"Before I knew it, we were at the gates of the dark and forbidding Bastille. Until the day I die I shall hear the howl of the mob, as they used huge battering rams to break down the doors, walls, and barred windows. They were animals, the people in the mob, and as they stormed into the Bastille and into the black prison of the Conciergerie, the guards and soldiers could make little impression on their terrible actions.

Soon the Bastille was a flaming mass of fire and destruction. And I cannot tell you, my little one, of the many horrors I saw. But yes, it was the blackest period in the history of la belle France. I was there, yes - and always shall I remember."

Stephen Greening - Age 10.4



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THE COMBAT

Along a beckoning road,
About the break of day,
A knight rode happily along
While all the world was gay.

He heard a damsel's cry for help
And raced towards the sound.
He came to a great stone castle
Which stood upon a mound.

There was a shield which barred the way.
These words he read in the light:
"He who wishes to save this damsel
Must vanquish the Black Knight."

He called, "Black Knight, prepare yourself
To battle for your captive.
For here I stand to save her,
And to make you inactive."

Out of the great stone castle
Forth came a glorious knight,
Followed by pages and esquires,
With lances for to fight.

The knights took up their stations.
Then both charged with pride.
The lances smashed to pieces,
And the two soon ceased to ride.

They took up two fresh lances,
And returned to their mounts.
Again they charged with fury.
Would this round take the count?

The Black Knight's lance was splintered,
But the other's filled the need.
The former fell from his horse.
The latter stopped his steed.

"Yield, O brave and haughty knight,
Give up your prison key,
That I may free the captive maiden
And take her home with me."

Then off they rode on his noble steed,
While their love more constant grew,
The damsel with the hair of gold,
And the knight with the eyes of blue.

A RESCUE FROM A MINE

The day of the disaster started like any other day. It was cold and gloomy as my brother and I made our way through the sleeping, ugly little mining town of Bradley. Our fellow miners passed us or walked by our sides, but we did little more than shake our heads, and say a gruff "Goodmorning." Not until the morning wore on, and we were fully awakened, would we become cheerful and friendly toward one another.

We collected our headlamps, drills, picks and shovels and made out way into the elevator shaft. Down, down we went to the lowest level, and then climbed out of the shaft, and started our work.

We worked steadily for most of the morning, and we were all thinking how hungry we were, when suddenly a strange rumbling sound reached our ears. My heart skipped in terror, for how often I had heard my father tell me of that dreadful rumbling sound which meant that part of the mine had shifted. As we froze in fright, the rumbling became louder and the rocks started falling in at the end of the shaft. We were trapped! Sounds of shouting and fright from the miners in the other shafts reached our ears, and before I knew it, I had raised my voice to a shout. All the training my father had given to me came back, and I shouted, "Be calm, men!"

The next hours were a nightmare of cold and dread. The water had started to seep in, and most frightening of all, we could smell the gas fumes.

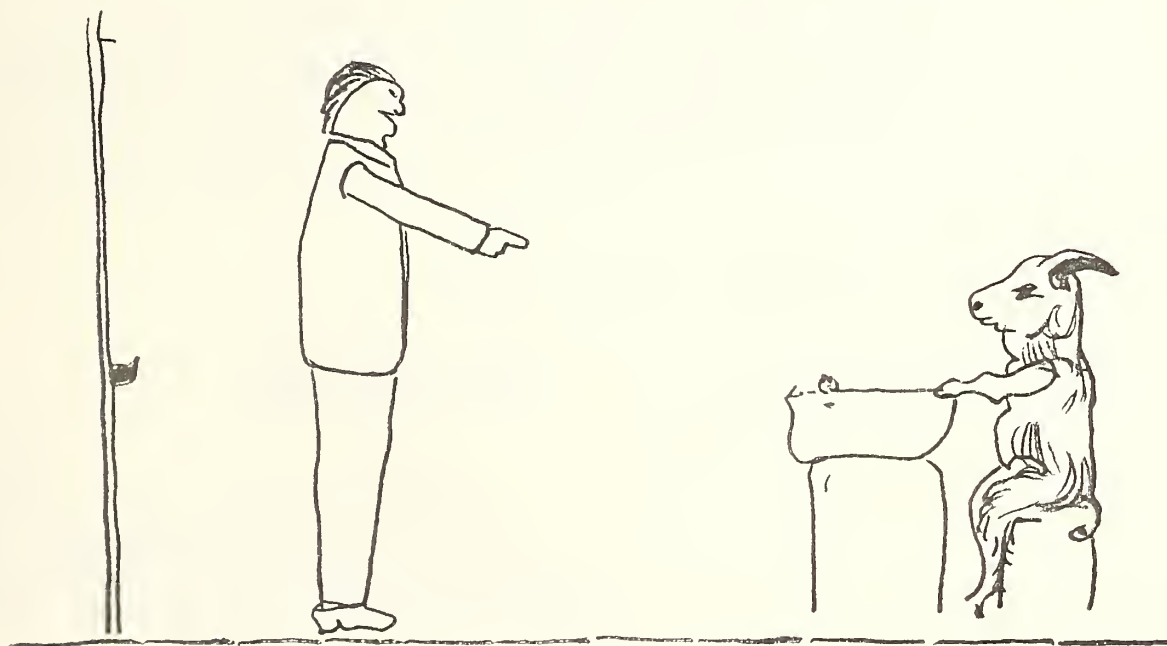
Suddenly I remembered the happy times we miners had had when we sang together, and before I knew it, I had started to sing one of our favourite mining songs. The others joined in, and for hours we huddled together, trying bravely to sing and refusing to stop, in case we should be overcome by fear.

As in a dream, I heard a very faint "Hello there," and seeing a dim light, I rushed to the corner of the shaft, and knew that we had been found. Our rescuers painfully crawled towards us through a narrow opening in the shaft. Those too weak to walk were carried up to safety, and the stronger of us reached the top, leaning on the arms of our rescuers, thanking God who gave us the strength to stay alive.

Stephen Greening - Age 10.4



"Oh, yes, we allow the boys a moderate amount of freedom in the Grammar School."



"Don't be a goat!"

A SEAMAN I'LL NEVER FORGET

Yes, it was on the "Mary Bee" that I first met the old seadog, Captain Keiber. He was born Hungarian, and his features would tell us that he had sailed more than the seven seas. His face was divided into sections by the wrinkles stretching from his brow to his chin. Each section was speckled with pimples or mountainous with warts, and his complexion was not at all pleasing to the eye.

Of course, he had his better parts. His round little bald head had not one pimple or wart upon it. It was covered with a brilliant red. And his hooked Roman nose divided his face into two sections, one sunburnt and the other windburnt. This was caused by his always standing on the bridge when his wooden ship was bound for England from Canada.

Another thing that impressed me when I met him was that there was always a distinct smell of salt around him. I imagined at the time that it was from the cool salt air's blowing through his clothes and the salt's staying there. His clothes were usually the same old captain's clothes, a rugged old navy blue jacket, long black pants, and a light blue captain's hat.

The way he spoke struck me, too, for it was a mixture of Scottish and English. This seemed strange, for he was born Hungarian. But then he told me, "When I was a wee tot me mother and father took me to Scotland 'cause of a war coming in." That settled that fact, but soon I learned that he was sixty-nine and still sailing his steamer. I had thought he was retired. But I guess the six-foot-two-inch coot would rather die than have his ship taken away from him. It was like his baby, and I am sure he will nurse it until his death. I thought I had met a true-hearted seaman that day, and I shall never forget.

Stephen Smith - Age 12.1

THE BATTLEFIELD

There was no sun,
There was no moon,
The clouds hung low that night at seven.
The battlefield was dark at night
Except for the flicker of a lantern's light,
And slowly marched the guards along the height.

There was no sun,
There was no moon,
And silently the night sped by.
Yet thousands died upon the field below.
They died in but a day. And now
The night knows neither which is friend or foe.

Christopher Curtis - Age 11.5

THINGS I HAVE NOT COLLECTED

There are many things I have not collected.

Take, for instance, matchbox labels. I leaf through scores of magazines whose advertisements proudly proclaim that if you buy "Wilmington's Own" matchbox labels you will receive, absolutely free of charge, this rare and exotic Siberian matchbox label, sought after by millions! Does that thrill you? I could not care less.

Then there is "Circusana" - the science of collecting circus posters, circus photographs, circus tickets, in fact anything to do with the Circus. After collecting all these things you either leave them to clutter up your room, or paste them in a book. You are told by the author to get the "cheap" album paper, which you can buy at any shop for your "Circusana" book.

You envisage yourself trudging downtown in the depths of winter, and then taking a bus (which you have waited half an hour for) to the only shop in town where you can buy such things. When you arrive there, with your dollar firmly clasped in your fist, you find either that the "cheap" album paper costs \$4.50 or that there is not any in stock. - But they will be getting some! They always are going to get some. After that thought it is the end of "Circusana" for a person like me. My advice is that if you want to collect such things you swipe some of your mother's best bond instead of going to the corner shop for the "cheap" album paper.

I suppose you are getting bored. But I am going to have one last fling, and that is upon the subject of collecting stuffed toys and dolls - "dollology," I suppose they call it. Here you see a picture, in a well-known magazine, of a crooner with her doll collection piled around her. You zealously intend to start collecting dolls immediately. But then you stop and think awhile, and after this you think some more, and see the frightening vision of a truculent mother peeping into a doll-stacked room. "Dollology" is given up as zealously as it was begun.

After reading through this spiel of words two or three times I suppose you will see all my faults in the collecting way. But I do not mind. All I can say is that it takes a more determined person than I to collect the things which I am not collecting already.

Alastair Saunders - Age 12

SUSIE

I was fighting my way through the crowds of Fifth Avenue, in New York, trying to get to a little coffee shop two blocks away, where I had a date to meet a person.

Fifteen minutes later I was standing within the door of a dimly-lit, smoke-filled room. There were a few modern pictures, by unknown artists, on the grey walls. In one of the corner booths sat a young girl, watching a small jazz band playing, across from the crowded bar. Being crowded, it was very stuffy and hot, and made me feel uncomfortable. This girl, I could tell, was the person I was supposed to see. I watched her closely and noticed how hard was her young face. She had straight bleached blonde hair, whose dark roots, however, showed the real colour to be dark brown. Her eyebrows made her look as if she was an expert with an eyebrow pencil. Her eyelashes were naturally long, but she had made a fine job of curling them, and they looked lovely over her big dark brown eyes. Under her right eye she had made her eye shadow a little too dark. Her face had enough powder and rouge on it to look striking, but her lipstick was not of the right colour for her lovely lips.

Being about five foot four and weighing perhaps one hundred and twenty-five, she looked a perfect model.

Not a piece of jewellery could I see on her, which was surprising. Having such a figure, however, she still wanted to show it, by wearing a tight grey sweater and a three-quarter-length brown sheath skirt. Her brown shoes had little heels and pointed toes.

She finally noticed me and called, "Come on over and sit down."

I walked over and sat down, and then introduced myself.

She said, "Well, cop, you're late. I've written down everything I could remember of any good about the accident-or rather murder-and I think I'm crazy to tell you guys. But I don't like the gang that did it. Now scram. I don't like your kind either."

I got up and thanked her, and left quickly to get out into the fresh air.

AN OLD SEAMAN

While I was on my summer vacation I went visiting some of the French fishing villages along the rocky shores of Nova Scotia.

As I was staying at one such village one afternoon, my curiosity overtook me and I went roaming the narrow, crooked streets of the quaint little town. Soon I managed to find the harbour, for the town was very small. There, while looking at the ships, I spied a little man with a strange appearance.

His fair hair shone in the glaring sun and his nose stuck out, looking as if it had been nailed on him. Although his clothes were very shabby he did not have a dirty appearance. The old seaman's mouth had fat lips, between which was a hand-carved pipe. While he was smoking that pipe his skilful hands were cutting at a piece of wood, which was beginning to look like a fishing vessel. To cover his red, jolly cheeks was a heavy beard, and every time he laughed his plump belly shook and shook.

When he looked with his beady eyes into mine and said, "Are you lost or som'thing, son?" he enchanted me with his gruff seaman's voice. But having told him where I came from, and what I was doing, I then walked home again.

P. Dickson - Age 12.9

RUNNING HORSE

Past the houses, past the gate,
Over the hill and around the tree,
Around the hedge, over the logs
Without the cart he runs so free.

Past the farmer, past the house,
Over the track, over the fence,
Past the children, past the trough,
Into the woodland ever so dense.

Now the wind leaves his face
At a slightly slower pace.
Now he stops, and looks around.
Now his ears have been robbed of the sound.

John MacLachlan - Age 13.4

MYSTERY IN THE NIGHT

Softly the Big Ben clock in the hall chimes two in the morning. The moonlight sneaks through the closed shutters and shines on a cold bare spot in the middle of the floor.

A squeak is heard, as muffled foot-steps creep silently down the hall and pass into the room beyond. From the room comes another squeak, of a door being opened in careful haste. Then nothing. All is quiet for a minute. The door silently closes. Then the footsteps glide softly down the hall until they reach the foot of the stairs. The careful eyes gleam in the quiet light of the moon. The foot-steps move down the hall a little further, and then stop, in the next room.

A heavy metal door rolls, and a few fitful snorts of greed are heard. A black steel knife is raised and then plunged into soft flesh. Dark liquids ooze gradually out, and the knife is slowly and methodically taken away.

The ever-watching eyes glance furtively about the room, trying to pierce the darkness. All is still and silent. The eyes shine and take on a look of extreme satisfaction.

Then, out of nowhere, a voice pierces the darkness -

"John, I thought I told you to stay out of that roast beef and gravy!"

The shamed eyes lower in defeat.

F. Anthony - Age 14.10

THE HUNT

The men were ready before the sun,
The horses were ready and the chase begun.
Lucky was the fox that was in bed,
For those that were out would surely be dead.
There was one little fox named Winky Red
Who did not know of the danger ahead.
Thud! went a bullet into the ground,
And so, as it hit, he turned around.
Bang! went another. Now Winky lies there
Stone cold dead and still no wiser.

David Dyer - Age 12.1

MY FAVOURITE TOWN

Cambridge, a small university town just fifty miles north of London (England), is my favourite town. This little town is situated on the beautiful river, Cam. Cambridge University is the town's trade mark, for it is really the University that has made this town so well-known and so beautiful. The University, comprising twenty-one colleges, is one of the oldest and best-known in the world.

This little place's next function is that of a market town. On a hot Saturday morning one finds the town crowded with buyers and sellers and the little market place in the town's centre used as a pitching ground for the vendors' colourful tents. In the autumn Cambridge is crowded to capacity with graduates, undergraduates, tourists, natives of the town and shoppers. Although three times smaller than Halifax, Cambridge has many place of entertainment for the public, such as a theatre (something which Halifax cannot boast), several cinemas, and an arts cinema. Cambridge abounds in men's shops, book shops, and bicycle shops. Therefore it is the shopping centre for miles around. It has many public facilities: a library, a huge outdoor swimming pool (plus an indoor one), a large central common upon which there are bowling and cricket greens and even a roller-skating arena. Luckily no industry has yet marred the face of Cambridge, who is much luckier than her sister university town, Oxford.

Of course, the most important and best known thing about Cambridge is her University. The ancient colleges with their beautiful gardens make up the university. Some colleges face the Cam River; the beautiful stretches between the colleges and the river being called "The Backs". It is along these that students from various colleges sit talking, comparing notes, and enjoying the scenery. Although "The Backs" are owned by the colleges they are open to the public, and during the summer one can see tourists from many countries photographing the colleges, the students, "The Backs", the Cam and the punts which move along its calm waters.

Besides Trinity College there is another equally famous college called King's. This college is the owner of the equally famous King's Chapel. If you are lucky, some days you can hear the choir singing, during which time you may go into the chapel and listen. All the facts add up to one thought for me, that Cambridge is the most beautiful town in England.

ESCAPE ATTEMPT

There were two daring outlaws,
 Their names were Nick and Tate,
 They planned a bid for freedom
 To escape from the northern gate.

Tate was the fighter,
 Nick was the brain,
 They tried to escape at midnight
 Through the lashing stormy rain.

They finally reached the bottom floor
 Where stood the old flag pole,
 They raced towards the guard's box,
 The gate their hopeful goal.

Up they sneaked behind the guard
 And bound and gagged him tight.
 And then, Nick and Tate
 Continued their hopeful flight.

They tried to scale the twelve-foot gate
 With racket untold,
 That brought down all the warders
 With guns a hundred fold.

These two prisoners were caught
 And put in separate cells.
 But we must give them credit:
 They tried their best and well.

Bill Barton - Age 12.6

THE MESSENGER

He swam and he rode and he ran
 like fire,
 Through night and day, through
 town and shire,

Through forests and rivers
 and deserts, too,
 Carrying the message to
 Timbaktu.

He reached the castle, only to
 die!
 But the message was read, and
 the cheers rang high.

For inside the packet the
 message read:
 "Our foes are defeated:
 their leader is dead."

Bill Black-Age 10.9

WHEN DEATH KNOCKED

The mighty ship came to a halt,
 All alone in a deathly vault.
 Its mighty sails could help no more,
 As if the wind had closed its door.

Stillness and quiet lay all around.
 No more the crew would hear the sound
 Of beasts and birds, of waves and words,
 For Death was knocking at their door.

Their limbs were weak, their throats were dry;
 It looked like Death had cast the die.
 The crew knew now there was no hope:
 With Death they knew they could not cope.

A silence reigns now all over the ship,
 With here a shrivelled body, there a parched lip,
 A turned-up table, an open door.
 Death isn't knocking any more.

Steve Hart - Age 15.8

MR. MACGREGOR

As I entered Mr. MacGregor's corner grocery store I noticed how dirty it looked. Behind the counter, which was littered with scrap pieces of meat and bits of fat and covered with a thin layer of dust, there lolled a little old man.

He was rather short, about five foot three. His torso was very roly-poly, while his face was thin, with a squared-off, hard-set jaw. The nose on that creature was like no other I had seen before. It was a little blob that looked half like a nose and half not. His thick lips seemed to indicate a lisp. His eyes gleamed like a cat's.

He had nothing on his head, no cap, and no hair. The shirt he wore was a light blue, coated with the dust of the last two weeks. Over this he had draped a once-white butcher's apron with several holes in it.

"What'll it be, kid?" he asked, in a voice that made me almost afraid to answer him.

I did not say a word, but handed him the note my mother had given me. As he extended his hand, I could see about half a dozen yellowed callouses.

He read out the items and went to get them one by one. This he did very quickly, and was soon through. He handed me the list and I checked over the items.

"You missed something, Mr. MacGregor," I informed him, pointing to the back of the note.

"Sonny," he said slowly, "I'm fifty-five, and ain't never made a mistake nor missed nothing yet. Don't try to tell an old man who knows he's right that he's wrong."

I said nothing, but clutching the note a little tighter I turned on my heel and walked out, leaving him, ready to explode, with his goods on the counter.

Howie Epstein - Age 11.10

A SNOB

He was a tall dignified man, with such an attitude towards people as you might expect from a man with a very high position, which indeed he had. Standing about 6 ft. 5 ins., he was a veritable giant, with broad shoulders and strong arms, and he walked with an aloof gait. This man had to exercise about two

hours every day to keep in shape.

He dressed very finely, and wore a completely different suit of clothes every day. A pair of sporty patent leather shoes, flashy tailored pants, a white shirt with a turned-up collar, and a suit of tails, completed his daily attire.

His face contradicted his clothes. He had large bushy eyebrows, and his hard, cold, steel-blue eyes - which looked very much like steel - gave him a very fierce appearance. His nose was a thin straight line, starting between his eyes and continuing down almost to his mouth - although it was not much of a mouth, just a thin straight line. His chin was characteristic, being rather straight, looking as if it had been shaped with a file, and making an almost perfect V. His ears were different, for they were very large, and they looked as if they had been dyed with red ink. All this contributed to a rather gruesome appearance, and made sure that he was not handsome in spite of his fine build.

He was a Senator, and refused to speak to anyone with a lower calling. It was thought that he had gained his office through sneaky practices, for no one liked him, and it was certain that he would not be elected the next term. For besides being a very disagreeable man he was also a very poor Senator and spent most of his evenings at very stiff, formal parties. People invited him to their parties, not because they liked him, but because they were afraid of what he would do if they did not. And he certainly was not the life of the party, because he just stood in a corner with a lot of other old scrooges, complained about the food, and generally discouraged all gay festivities. The name of this pompous, sour, grouchy and disagreeable old humbug was John Smith.

Douglas Guptill - Age 13.11

MY WEE SISTER

I have a little sister
Whose name is Sally Ross;
I'm not allowed to tease her,
'Cause it makes her very cross.

Now she's very tiny,
And also very shy;
But before you even know it
She'll be just as big as I.

Sometimes she's a nuisance,
And makes me very cross.
But I'd rather have the nuisance
Than not have Sally Ross.

Charlie Mitchell - Age 10.9

THE SNOWMAN

One day in winter my brother and I began to make a snowman. First of all, my brother rolled a big ball, and then I rolled a big ball, and then I rolled a middle-sized ball. Both he and I rolled a small ball for the snowman's head, because we wanted a good head.

The night after we had finished the snowman, we heard many strange sounds from our backyard. Finally, I decided to get dressed and go outdoors to see what was wrong.

As I walked, the noises grew louder and louder. When I reached the yard, I saw a giant figure sitting on the snow making very loud noises. He had a pipe in his mouth and a tall hat on his head.

I reached the conclusion that I should get rid of this creature, so I went into the house and got a sun lamp. When I arrived back I plugged in to a socket and turned it on. The snowman turned around, but before he could stand up he was melted down into a puddle of water. Then I went back to bed.

John Morse - Age 10

THE AVALANCHE

The avalanche came tumbling down,
Smothering village, city, and town,
As white as death, as cold as a grave,
Bringing destruction in a glistening wave.

Can nothing stop this silvery death?
"Nothing," it cried, "I'll have the breath
Of anyone who slows me down."
It laughed with glee as it covered the town.

The deadly whiteness is now at rest,
The mountain has stopped its killing zest.
The countryside is covered in white
And the moon rides high in the silence of night.

Steve Hart - Age 15

SNOWSTORM IN THE CITY

On Saturday night, at 11:03, it began to snow. The light, powdery flakes one by one fluttered to the bare ground, only to melt upon contact. "Won't last long," thought the old man, sitting next the window. He had lived in the city for years, in that same house, ever since the town was founded, in 1896. He knew the weather, having been a trapper before he moved to the new settlement with his wife. She had died, long ago, in the Great Snow of 1900. But she was safe, now, from another storm.

The mercury slowly dropped, and, at about 11:30, the snow no longer melted when it landed. The wind was rising, and the old man looked out of the window at the dark, gathering clouds. He quickly changed his opinion of the weather. He switched on the radio, hoping to catch the 11:35 weather report. He did. "Rain, beginning about midnight, ending at dawn. Clearing and warmer tomorrow." The old man switched it off, and went to bed, prepared to see at least ten inches of snow the next morning.

In the Weather Bureau, there was an atmosphere of anxiety and worry. The flakes of snow, silvery in the light of the street-lamps, were falling more rapidly. Already the ground was covered with a thin blanket of the cold, glistening powder.

The old man, in his bed, put on an extra blanket against the cold. The sound of the wind whistling outside quickly lulled him back to sleep.

At dawn, in the Snow Removal Department, the men were checking the giant plows, trucks, and snowblowers, unused for nearly two months now. It was impossible, once outside, to see more than five feet ahead in that whirling sea of snow. Jim Brabham, the foreman, climbed into his two-way-radio-equipped car, called the South and Parr Street stations, and told their heads to start the plowing.

When the church bells rang for Mass that morning, the churches were empty of people, except for those hardy individuals who would go to church on skis and snowshoes, if need be. For that was the only way to travel through that blizzard, and over that snow.

At the Weather Bureau, the senior meteorologist was answering the many telephone calls from citizens anxious about the storm. Enjoying a brief lull in the barrage of calls, he looked through the window, first at the several feet of fallen snow, then at the whirling, eddying flakes which were falling. He could scarcely believe his eyes. It was stopping! He frantically telephoned the Head Office to receive his orders.

The men of the S.R.D. had done a valiant job of clearing the streets. Traffic was almost back to normal, and they were resting at their various bases.

At 12:05 on Sunday afternoon, twelve hours and two minutes after it had started, the storm was finished. There was a strange quiet, presiding over the city, newly-clad in white. Even the plows

were not heard as they chugged through the streets.

There was but one casualty as a result of that storm. The old man, wandering through the streets, was struck by a falling limb, and died of concussion and a broken limb.

Andrew Watt - Age 12.3

AT THE DENTIST'S

I opened the door and walked in. A board on the wall showed the names and floors of various doctors and dentists. Second floor, Dr. Jones. Third floor, Dr. Smith. And then, there it was - Fifth floor, Dr. Histrop. I turned to the stairs and began climbing them - gingerly! First floor, four to go - third floor, two to go - fourth floor, one to go - fifth floor, none to go. I stopped and glanced around. - Nobody was looking.- There was still time - I turned to the stairs.

But I was trapped! Dr. Histrop's nurse was coming up, carrying a cup of coffee.

"Why, hello, Charles!"

"Hello, Miss Jackson."

She reached the top of the stairs and motioned me to the door of the office. I entered, and Miss Jackson followed, pointing out a seat in a far corner of the room. It was a pretty room, in my opinion not the kind of room that should be used as a jail cell before a hanging.

By now I was really afraid. I had a five-minute wait which seemed like five hours. Thirty seconds - twenty - ten - my teeth were chattering - five - and my knees knocking - four - three- two - The door opened and Miss Jackson called, "Next."

By this time I was at a door, too - the door leading into the hall! But it was too late.

I entered the doctor's office, wondering whether I would survive a jump from the window - I decided I would not! I was uneasy in my chair and still trying to think of a means of escape. Dr. Histrop entered - I began reconsidering the window-jump - And then - to my surprise - he asked me what I was doing there. Furthermore, he pointed out to me that the date on my card was the fourteenth, not the fourth. I almost collapsed!

I was a very happy boy when I left his office. But there was also an unhappy thought in my mind - the fourteenth was still to come!

Charles Ruttan - Age 12.7

JOURNEY ON A DREAM

I strolled down Fish Street, enjoying the quietness of early morning. There was the occasional passer-by hurrying to work, but for the most part the street was empty.

An old and weary man was pushing his cart of fresh fish through the street, shouting, "Fresh mackerel! Fresh herring! Fresh cod!"

I passed shop after shop, gradually making my way to the Music Store, where I intended to buy a new A-string for my violin.

In the window of the store was an ivory bust of the famous musician Johann Sebastian Bach, perfect in every detail, even to the curls of his enormous wig. I pressed my nose against the window pane, to see it better.

As I gazed, the street faded out - everything except the bust, which gradually became dimmer, until Bach was playing on an organ, a great massive organ, which thundered, shaking the whole building.

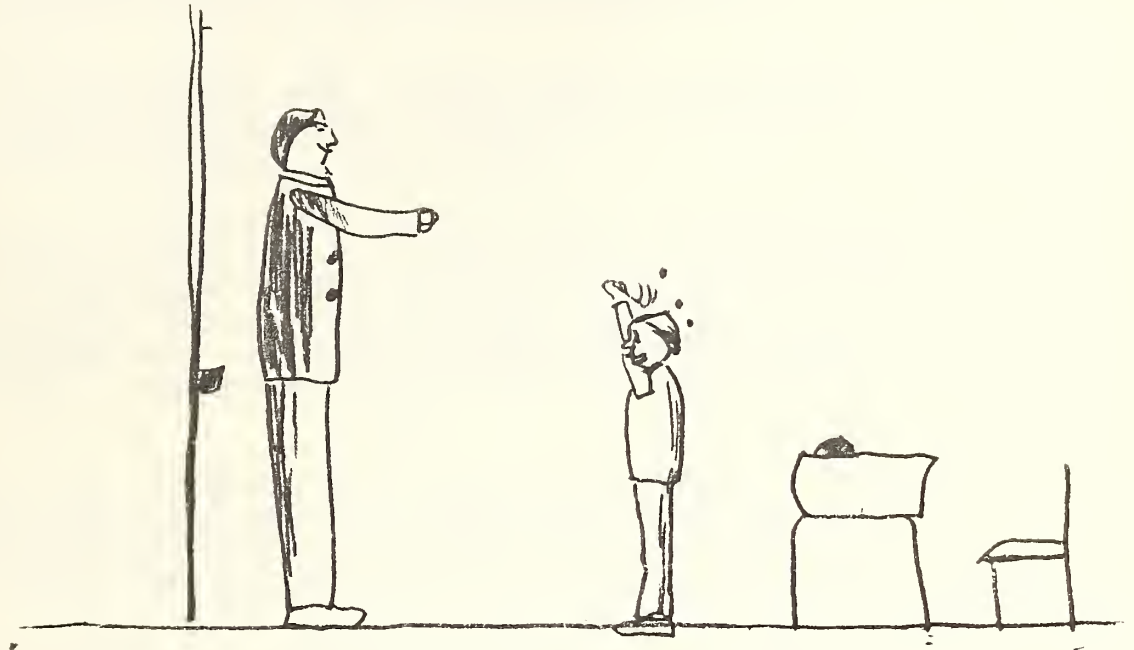
He seemed inspired. He was playing with tremendous vigour, his hands jumping over the keyboard. He stopped in the middle of a phrase, paced about for a moment, and then strode over to a small table, and began to write note after note, his quill pen working faster as he filled page after page with music.

"Move, sonny, will you?" said a gruff voice behind me. "And hold the door open."

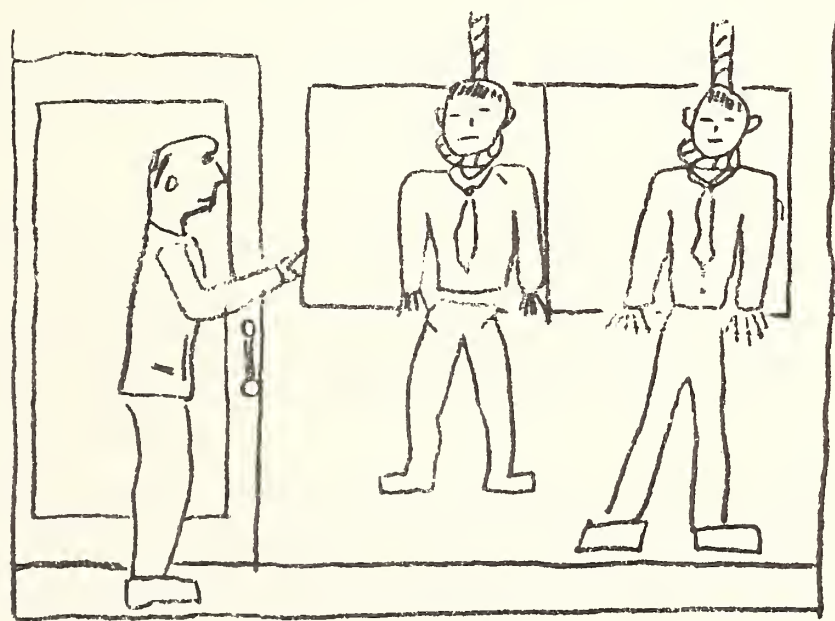
Realizing where I was, I ran to the door and pushed it open. A big man, of sturdy build, grunted as he passed me, with a load of music books.

Remembering what I had come for, I followed the man into the store.

John Page - Age 11.8



"Stir your muddy brain!"



"I thought I told you boys to stop hanging around the door!"

MY FAVOURITE TOWN

Near the Aare River, in north-east Switzerland, lies a small town, called Lenzburg after a castle which dominates a hill that overlooks it.

The town of Lenzburg dates back to very early times, and many finds of Stone Age tools and traces of settlements of that age prove that the town was settled very long ago.

Many buildings in Lenzburg are old and beautiful, with sundials, which are still being used, on their walls. Some houses are entirely covered with glazed tiles, pictures on which show the town as it must have looked two or three hundred years ago. The town hall of Lenzburg is a beautiful building, adorned with flags and coats-of-arms. Near it are shops, municipal buildings and a post office.

In the old part of the town the streets are cobbled, and on sidewalks and squares stand fountains in traditional eighteenth-century style. The most fashionable building is the Burghalde, a splendid piece of architecture which is furnished with remarkable splendour.

The town has a peaceful, tranquil atmosphere, and the townspeople are friendly to everyone. They show visitors the points of interest, and also tell them where one dines well. The chief industry of the town is the making of preserves, done by the world-famous Hero Co., which has its chief plant at Lenzburg. An aunt of mine has a charming house in the town, and as it is typical of the newer buildings in the region I shall describe it.

The house and garden are enclosed by a hedge. Inside this are rows of tulips, and a few small trees to provide shade on hot summer days.

On entering the house, we find that the first room is a small hall, where the children play in winter. To the right is a big modern kitchen, from which one door leads to the dining room, another to the garden. The dining room adjoins the living room, from which one door leads to a dark study, adorned with a coat-of-arms of the city of Zürich, and another to the hall. From the hall one stairway goes to the second floor, where the bedrooms and playrooms are situated, and another to the basement.

The castle of Lenzburg, which towers over the town, was built in the tenth century. Visitors to the castle must first climb a high steep hill. They then pass over a drawbridge, which leads them into the castle's courtyard. Visitors may see the prisons, the southern bastion, and the park. They may also take a tour of the lords' buildings and the east bastion.

From the south bastion one can see the surrounding hills, a castle near a little brook which flows into the valley, the woods, and snow-capped mountains in the background. The view is superb.

THE BEATNIK

The small room was full of beatniks and smoke. The lights were dimmed, except for the ones shining on the jazz band, which was playing music. Bearded beatniks sat on the cheap, dirty tables and chairs scattered all across the room. They talked and lounged in their chairs or listened to the band, while puffing on cigarettes. Once in a while there could be heard an eerie laugh or a short applause.

Among these beatniks one in particular caught my eye. He wore a mop of dark hair and a small dark beard. His eyebrows were long and thin and of the same colour as his hair. His wrinkled brow gave the impression that he was thinking. His eyes were of dull grey and sometimes flashed from side to side. He had a small nose and thin pale lips.

He was at least six feet tall, with long legs and arms, and he walked with a great gait, taking large steps at a time.

His dress was of the usual type worn by beatniks. The collar of his sports shirt was turned up at the back of the neck. Over this he wore a checked sports coat, loosely buttoned. Grey trousers, neatly creased, covered his long legs, and polished shoes his feet.

I went over to him and tapped him on the shoulder. Turning around he said "Bug off," and then added, "like get lost, Dad." He turned away from me and started snapping his fingers to the music. I repeated my previous action and asked him a question. I heard his voice once more as he replied, "Look, daddio, maybe you don't dig me, I said get lost. You know, man, like fade, man, fade!" I did not know what an angry beatnik was like, and since I did not particularly want to find out I quietly but quickly left the premises.

Jean-Paul Chavy - Age 14.6

THE LABORATORY

"I counted two-and-seventy stenchies,
All well-defined, and several stinks."
- Coleridge

"I'd been asked to put my crate of milk in what they called the 'Laboratory', instead of outside in the school hall, which I thought kinda unusual. But I delivers milk where I'm told, not where I thinks it should go.

"When I got to that there laboratory I heard a lot of screechin' and yellin' and a funny hissin' sound. Thinks I to

myself, as I knocked on the door, 'Just what goes on in a laboratory, anyway?'

"When I opens the door there's a great glass jar broken and water all over the floor and a bunch of boys pointin' out a lump of stuff in the middle of the pool, yellin' - kind of hopeful-like, I thought -

"'She'll explode! Sodium explodes, doesn't it, sir?'

"Meantime 'Sir, 'their teacher, asks me, very proper-like, just what was I doin' there, and I started to yell back to make myself heard, when a terrible explosion came from the back of the room and clouds of black smoke. A large boy wearing a sweater that was once pale blue staggered up to the front of the classroom.

"'James Reward, I thought it would be you, 'says teacher.

"'Yessir, 'sez James, wiping his face with a handkerchief and spreadin' the dirt.

"All through this commotion there's a fair-haired fella shakin' up somethin' in a glass tube - Irish, I'd say, by the way he talked. Then he starts the count-down, and the worst smell of bad eggs filled the room. I reckoned it wasn't our dairy supplyin' them eggs, when I hears 'Sir' again, proper-like as before.

"'Patrick, 'he sez, 'how often have I told you that hydrochloric acid mixed with ferrous sulphide gives hydrogen sulphide, or H_2S , which just happens to be a very poisonous gas - as well as a stinking one.'

"I'd just caught my breath and was going to ask where to leave my crate when I sees another fair-haired kid with a crew cut startin' to blubber, and I soon saw why. He'd just spilled a bottle marked 'Strong Ammonia'. Up comes a fat boy to crew-cut, peers at him anxious-like through his glasses, and sez,

"'Are you depressed?', or somethin'.

"Crew-cut lost his depression long enough to punch goggle-eyes right on the snoot. Goggle-eyes stumbled, tipped up the bench, and boys and bottles toppled on the floor. More howls and groans came from the back-----

"I dumped my crate the first place handy and ran for it. Commando training under gas attacks, that's what kids do in a laboratory. I've got milk to deliver."

Alastair Saunders - Age 12.1

There was a young man of Leeds,
Who swallowed a number of seeds.
When a day came to pass,
He was covered with grass,
That silly young man of Leeds.

John Howitt - Age 10.7

AN ESCAPE FROM PRISON

At midnight, a dark figure scaled the century-old walls of San Quentin. This ancient penitentiary had seen the face of many a murderer and scoundrel. This one's name was Winky McCoy.

He had been sentenced to the electric chair, but two weeks before his date he had made a break for it.

Winky jumped twenty feet to the bottom of the wall. So far, so good! But, what was that noise? Alas, it was the sentry! Winky had been seen, and the sentry had informed the guard! That horrible thought of being shot spurred him onward.

"Ah, there is a stream!" he thought.

But, as fate would have it, the bloodhounds were waiting there.

"Surely they will set the dogs to me!" he thought.

But that was not to happen, for there was one chance, though that was a very slim one. It was to dive into the stream, and swim underwater for some time.

But his half-crazed-with-fear mind would not see that, for all he saw was death.

Maybe, maybe if he charged into them, screaming, they in their astonishment might not shoot. He took a chance, and lost. As he was barging forward the guard shouldered his rifle and fired.

Winky fell forward, crumpling up as he went. But not to rise and run, for the bullet had struck him in the chest, tearing open his lungs. He was dead.

Robin McDonald - Age 10.0

A JEREMIAH'S SCHOOL DAY

Early this morning I was dragged out of bed by my ear and kicked down the stairs by my father. I walked into the kitchen and said, "Mum, I have the german measles." She took my temperature and told me to stop faking or she would not let me play outdoors for two weeks. I walked sadly away, and to my great disgust, found that I had to have burnt toast for breakfast.

It was dark and gloomy that day, making things seem even worse. With the burnt toast stuck in my throat I was thrown out of the door and sent off to the old jailhouse.

When I was walking up the street to catch the bus I saw it disappear around the corner, and so I was forced to walk. As I arrived at the "jailhouse" I found that I was late, and of course was given a detention by Mr. Abel Doolittle.

In the first period Abel was as red as a boiled lobster. While he was writing the detainees' names on the board for not doing their homework, I shot a paper pellet across the room. Amos caught me and said, "The next pellet that crosses this room will be the head off your shoulders."

The last periods were much the same as the first.

This was just one of those days when everything seemed to go wrong. How I wished I were dead and buried away inside a pyramid!

Tommy Coffin - Age 12.7

ADVENTURES OF A PENNY

I am a penny and I was made in Ottawa in May, 1952. I was shipped with some of my brothers to a bank in Halifax.

One day I was given to a man in a gray suit. In his pocket I had time to look around. I saw many other pieces of money, only they were silver instead of copper. When we came to his house I was given to a little boy who put me in a piggy bank. I was kept there for a long time and I did not like it because I wanted to see the world.

About two weeks had passed before I was taken out and given to a man in a store. He put me in the cash register. After quite a long time a woman came into the store and I was given to her. I did not like her either, because she put me in a stuffy purse where I was kept until she placed me on the table.

There I was found by a man who noticed me because in my date the '2' was upside down. I was worth a lot of money and was sold to another man who put me in his coin collection. I was very, very proud to be part of a collection, and for once in my life I felt worth something and respected by someone.

Christopher Rice - Age 10.6

There was an old man from New York,
Who looked like a long-legged stork.
He was not at all neat,
He tripped over his feet,
This silly old man from New York.

John Landymore - Age 10.9

THE PRINCE AND THE DRAGON

Once in a land across the sea there lived a brave prince whose name was George.

Prince George was the son of a cruel father, who was forever thinking of ways to rid himself of his son. However, the angry father never could think of a way.

One day the angry father was told of a fierce dragon who lived in a cave. The King was overjoyed to hear this and asked where the cave was. His servant said that it was located at the foot of Mount Cook.

The next morning the King called for his son, who was fishing in a stream. "Come here!" he ordered. His son, being polite, bowed down and walked to the King's parlour. His father told him that if he did not kill the dragon himself he would be left there to die!

At the appointed time the multitude which had gathered moved slowly towards the grounds where the two were to fight.

When the dragon raced wildly out of his cave, everyone except the Prince fled in terror.

During the fight the dragon stopped to catch his breath. That was when George hurled his sword into the heart of the dragon. There was a shaking like an earthquake and the dead dragon came crashing to the ground.

After this victory the father became a true friend to the Prince.

Since then, in memory of the Prince, there is a special day in his honour.

W. Hutchinson - Age 8.11

QUEBEC AS I SAW IT

Quebec is a very old city and was founded by Samuel de Champlain in 1608. Even today there are many things to remind us. It has the appearance of age and old world charm. I am told it is the only city in North America which resembles old cities in Europe. We have only to look at the citadel to be reminded of the battle in 1759 between Wolfe and Montcalm. This battle took place on the Plains of Abraham. Much history has been made in Quebec. During the 2nd. World War the Quebec Conference took place there.

It was never hard to find something to do in Quebec,

especially in the winter when the Ice Carnival begins and there are hundreds of ice carvings. Downtown the ice carvers made a huge castle and set gay figures up around it. On the inside of the palace the only heat came from the lights hanging from the ceiling. Everybody is happy when the time for the Ice Carnival comes. At the end of carnival time there is a huge parade with big beautiful floats and men with wonderful costumes.

Quebec is a colourful French-Canadian city. The people there are likable and interesting and it is very nice to meet them.

John Howitt - Age 10.7

A WALK IN THE WOODS

On a fine brisk summer day last week my friend and I went for a walk in the west woods. All the birds were chirping, squirrels were jumping around in the trees, and beautiful little wild flowers of all colours were growing in the soft, cool, green moss.

As we went deeper into the dark evergreens we saw many bubbling brooks that trickled over the mossy gravel and stones. Once in a while we would come upon a brook that had a small speckled fish in it, which stopped and stared at us for a moment.

The birds in the trees were usually robins with their red breasts, blue-jays, or wood-peckers which were pecking at some spruce full of bugs. Along the cool path we came across some old deer bones, and then we knew why the French-speaking people around the area called this path "Deer Bone Path," which suits it quite well. We had brought some peanuts along with us, and when we threw them on the ground the little red squirrels would jump down from their high perch on a limb, take the peanuts, and scamper away up the trees to store them for the winter.

After resting on the spongy moss for a while, we felt that the air was getting colder. The dark shadows of the forest were covering the light of the sky and we then made up our minds that we should start going home for supper.

Grant Brennan - Age 12.5

A MEMORABLE MEAL

One meal which I especially remember, because I have not eaten so much delicious food at one time, was at a small village in France, called Mornay-sur-Allier. It was the second birthday of my father's brother's son, Patrick. The whole affair took place in a small house, with about a dozen relatives. My aunt, -"tante Fernande," as my sister and I called her-was the cook, and a very good one indeed.

We took the "apéritif" and then proceeded onto the "hors d'oeuvres." These consisted of different assortments of meat, and some such fruit as melon.

Next came roast pig, with its shimmering odour drifting around the table. Everyone took a slice and poured onto it some deep, brown sauce, which dripped down the sides. Onto the plate was placed a generous helping of steaming string beans, fresh from the garden. This vanished slowly into their mouths.

In came the fried chicken, large and tender. The plates once more were loaded with the crisp and juicy meat. The "boulettes de pommes de terre" were placed alongside. The table seemed to sag under the very weight of the plates and food. There was plenty to drink also, my uncle having brought up his best wines from the cellar for the occasion.

The chicken having vanished, "tante Fernande" brought in the salad. There was every kind of salad one could think of, potato, tomato, white and green cucumber, and tuna salad. By this time no one was very hungry. But the salads disappeared, slowly but steadily.

Then came the cake. A beautiful cake it was, with chocolate icing, trimmed at the edges by little sugar flowers and silver-coloured things. And on it, written in various colours was "Bon Anniversaire, Patrick." Then two solitary candles were lighted on top. They were blown out, and everyone laughed and cheered. I noticed my uncle, as he just finished pouring the champagne, smile and sigh as he slowly shook his head.

Jean-Paul Chavy - Age 14.6

THE BEAR

I wish I were a little bear,
Living in a little lair.
And even though I had no money
I'd always have a bit of honey.
On the ground I'd get big berries,
In the trees I'd pick wild cherries,
In the brook I'd catch a fish
And eat him from a little dish.

Rick German - Age 10.5

FOOTSTEPS IN THE SANDS OF TIME

The dark walls of Westminster Abbey enclose me, shutting out the cold London rain. This Abbey no longer seems a proper place of worship, as the verger operates a ticket machine and a turnstile. Westminster Abbey is too famous for its own good; there are too many people here and I am confused.

The guide points out the tomb of Edward the Confessor, and I look at it, black and bare in the centre of his chapel. Thoughts enter my head, on how this King's serfs must have slaved to build this great church, without use of machinery or any labour-saving devices. Here is a building which cost medieval London its bread, its treasure, its men, and whose only function was the glorification of God.

I remember, as I come upon the tomb of Henry V, that this was Shakespeare's Harry of England, old fat Falstaff's drinking and thieving friend and hero at the Battle of Agincourt. Here he lies, his effigy battered, black, old and very dim. I see his armour hanging from the huge cross-beam above his tomb. I imagined it shining and bold, and here it is, rather small, black, and dusty, and rather pathetic.

In the newly dedicated R.A.F. chapel, I think of the "Few," and how loyal and brave they must have been to give their lives for their country.

Now, as I move to the Coronation Chair, I wonder what it would be like to be crowned in this chair, dressed in velvet robes and jewels, and to be responsible for the whole British Commonwealth. I wonder about the school boys who carved their initials on this chair two hundred years ago. Were they punished? Or did they go scot free?

In this huge Abbey lies England's history. As I leave the protection of the great walls, and go into the gloomy dusk of London, I walk from footsteps in the sands of time.

John Risley - Age 13

THE CHARGE

Down the hill with lance and sword
The screaming cavalry regiment poured,
With tossing head and streaming mane
They charged, to take the town again.

They clashed, and death was everywhere,
And sounds of battle filled the air.
The enemy stood, and then gave way -
The cavalry regiment won the day.

Peter Dickson - Age 12.11

MY GREATEST FAILURE

I bought my hamster in early December, 1960. It was a brown-and-white, active little creature, with soft fur and alert black eyes. At that time, I felt I knew all there was to know about hamsters, having read a book about them.

I took my new pet home, and kept him in a cardboard box until I could make a cage out of some wood we had in the cellar. In the next fortnight I found out my lack of skill with a hammer and a saw. After I had worked my way through a sprained finger, seven bruised fingernails, five cuts on my hands, a sore wrist, and a cut cheek, not to mention innumerable bent nails, I gave up, and my father finished the wooden cage for me.

When I had recovered from my ordeal with the cage, I turned my attention towards the hamster, which I had not even touched yet. I quickly retreated from the cage, and put a bandage on my finger.

In the book, it had said that the hamster's cage must be cleaned at least twice a week, but that this cleaning takes only ten minutes, which makes twenty minutes a week. When I cleaned the cage, it took me fifty minutes to clean it once. So, I cleaned the cage only once a week, which, to me, was the equivalent of five times a week. From the time when I first cleaned the cage to the last, I used this principle. The cage smelled continually, but I was saved some work.

Looking into the cage one day, I noticed that in one spot half the wall was chewed away. I promptly boarded this up, but it was no use - next day the little creature was gone.

The book had contained a chapter on the re-capturing of hamsters. It said to place the cage on the floor, open, with some food in it, and that the hamster would be in the cage the next day. This I did, and when I looked next morning, the food was gone - but there was no hamster!

So at this very moment the hamster is somewhere in the house, although I fear I shall not catch it. If I do, I shall certainly give it away - probably to someone I do not like.

Andrew Watt - Age 12.6

A MOST RIDICULOUS ESCAPE

Early in the morning, as the bells rang five hours, my mother, my brother, and I rose silently, making only a small rustle removing the mosquito nets, which hung down onto our faces to keep away the many flies which bother one in Kenya. Once outside, I led the way, without making a sound, through the sleeping streets,

keeping close to the left.

After three slow minutes of walking, with the utmost care not to disturb anybody I turned around the sharp stone corner of Center St. - Burg St. and looked at the majestically towering sign of the hotel "Ensign of Kenya." Quickly, I remembered having been told that at this hotel, at five-thirty, the big puffing two-storey bus of Central African Airways stopped to collect the company's passengers. So we stopped here, expecting to have to wait the twenty-seven minutes which would be needed to make up to five-thirty. We sat down on three isolated chairs, discussing the weather, which, we hoped, would be favourable.

Suddenly, while we sat quietly observing the rising sun, among other people who were speaking in a low voice, - awaiting the bus, which apparently was late, - a trembling, blood-curdling sound tore through the air from the direction of some tables that stood nearby. Shortly afterwards it was repeated, stiffening everybody who heard it. Immediately all noise stopped, while the people strained their eyes to see what this dreadful sound had come from. A gentleman whispered, "That is a lion escaped from the National Park."

Like lightning I crashed into the hotel's lobby, knocking over a table with a vase of roses. I squeezed myself behind the biggest available chair, with a thumping heart, and hoped the 'lion' would not come after me.

After what seemed to me at least five minutes, I heard explosive fits of laughter. Looking out, I saw a sleepy cat, silhouetted against the sun, yawning.

Lorenz Friedlaender - Age 11.5

A BOY'S DOG

There was a little boy in the town of Dover,
Who had a little dog by the name of Rover.
And it was a most exciting thing,
When 'twas found out the dog could sing,
The dog made all the best hit tunes,
And often sang of wild raccoons.

But one day he caught a very bad cold,
Though some say he was just too old,
Well, anyway, when he began to sing,
The song turned into some terrible thing.
From singing the pop-tunes like a lark,
His voice turned into a comical bark.

The moral I've taken from this text
Is: you never know what a dog will do next.

Decatur Howe - Age 9.8

AIRPORT FOLLY

At last, and with great ceremony, the gigantic Halifax International Airport was opened. Haligonians boasted about their great new airport, their belief in its importance being emphasized by the fact that the washrooms were designated in English, French and Spanish.

Along the bright, new corridors there were quite a few shops, but the desk space, which is rented out, was not nearly filled with the business of the two airlines using the airport.

"But, of course," everybody thought, "that empty space will be more than filled within a month."

There also was a bare room, marked "Cocktail Lounge," showing that somebody was hoping for a change in the Nova Scotian liquor laws.

Last Thursday, I visited the Halifax International Airport, which is now about eight months old.

The first thing that caught my eye was two workmen, who were repairing one of the automatic main doors. I asked one of them "Why has the door broken so soon?"

The man replied, "This door's bin broken 'bout two weeks now, but we jest got the right part from Toron'o."

While in the main lobby, I saw many long cracks in the floor, as well as some in the ceiling. Also, the big four-faced lobby clock made itself obvious by showing two different times.

Then, I went to the airlines' desks, where still only two airlines were doing business.

And the cocktail lounge owner was still waiting for that change in the law.

As I was driving back along the deserted airport road, I thought that while the place might be bursting at the seams it was certainly not overcrowded.

Stephen Cooper - Age 14.4

SHAKESPEARE AT THE GRAMMAR SCHOOLUnsuccessful Candidate For Entrance

"Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station;
here's no place for you."

Coriolanus, Act. IV, Sc. V

Headmaster

"He arrest him on it; And follows close the vigour of
the statute, To make him an example."

Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. IV

Pupils

"Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe."

Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. III

Exasperated Teacher

"An oath, an oath, I have an oath."

Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. I

Unsatisfactory Exercise

"This is the third time;
I hope good luck lies in odd numbers."

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V, Sc. I

Certain Boys Who Shall Be Nameless

"I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to
my wit."

Twelfth Night, Act I, Sc. III

Teacher To Delinquent

"Come hither, come hither, come hither."

As You Like It, Act II, Sc. I

June 23rd.

"O, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful, wonderful!
and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping."

As You Like It, Act III, Sc. II

